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The Waynesburg Republican.

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Poetry.

"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT."

[We see it announced that General Charles G. Halpine—officially known as City Marshal, and unofficially as the Democratic Union Party, and poetically as Miles O'Reilly—has been appointed to present the claims of Mr. Chase to the Democratic Convention. Gen. Halpine will introduce his speech by singing the following verses from one of his best known lyrics. We fancy the sensation the strains of his manly and spirited tenor voice will create as he warbles the following:—] Come fill your glasses, fellows, And stand up in a row, On a Presidential election We are going for to; Let us have no more discussion here— At least no more to-night— While for President Ulysses Grant We take our foremost flight! O, for President Ulysses Grant! Let every glass be bright— May he rule the country he has saved, And God defend the right!

The Waynesburg Republican.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The great question in politics now is, what will be done on the 4th of July at the Democratic Convention in New York? We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but as "coming events cast their shadows before," we may predict the course of that body, and let time tell how near we are right. The first struggle in the Convention will be on the "two-thirds rule." This, adopted we think in '44, requires a majority of two-thirds in the Convention to nominate a candidate for President. The Pendleton men will undoubtedly move, the suspension of this rule, thereby making a majority sufficient for nomination. The subject has already been broached in the Times. The opponents of Pendleton will as firmly oppose its suspension, and having Democratic usages on their side, it will be hard work to carry it. The Democracy is notably opposed to any change or reform. We may predict then, that the two-thirds rule will continue in force. The next struggle will likely be on the platform, that is, if it is taken up before the candidates, as was the case in our own Convention. Here there is bound to be a mighty conflict, and one that may rend their party into two factions! Negro suffrage must come before them. The inevitable ghost of Cuffy will rise up and "shake his gory locks" at them, and will not "down" at their bidding. The World has already declared for manhood suffrage, arguing that the negro vote—an important element in the next contest—can be carried only on that platform. But the old "unterrified" war horses of the Pomeroy kind will rise up in their might to utter their everlasting protest against making the black the equal of the white—or else they will shut their eyes and swallow it down with a gulp and a gag. But seriously, taking all things into consideration, it is not rashness to predict that negro suffrage will be a plank in their platform. It must come, and the sooner over the better. But oh! what a change will that be! Then, on the Bond question. The Democracy are not united on this. The Pendleton and the Seymour factions will come into contact here, and it remains to be seen if money or ignorance will rule that body of enlightened (?) men. We say that money will win, and therefore that the platform will not be anti-bond. The very fact that the Convention meets in the headquarters of the bond-holders argues in favor of this. It will be strange if Belmont, Seymour and their fellows will not triumph over the West. But the "greenback" men will die hard, and their apostle, Pomeroy, has declared he will support no bond-holder. In this, as in all their questions, policy, not principle, will be their guiding motive. They must give the lie to their Chicago platform of '64. The war has not proved a failure, and they will be forced to admit it—at least so far as subduing the rebellion is concerned. This will be a bitter pill on them. And what their declaration in

regard to the war will be we cannot tell, nor do we care to predict.

The platform arranged, the next fight will be on the candidate. Pendleton, Chase, Hancock, Seymour are in the field with their backers. If, as we have said, the two-thirds rule is set aside, Pendleton will be nominated on the first ballot. If it continue in force, he cannot be nominated at all, as those who are opposed to him will never yield to him. Then, however formidable the movement may seem now, Chase cannot be the candidate. That would be too much of a desertion of principle to command any respect from the world. Chase can win no Republican votes, and cannot gain all the Democrat votes. Hancock will be quietly laid on the shelf after the first ballot. Seymour will likely not be voted for at first, but what may be done afterwards, no one can guess. Perhaps some great "unknown" will be seized upon to enter the course against our Captain, Grant. It is thought now that the outside pressure will control the nomination. Certainly the Five Pointers will be there in force. It is also feared by the Pendleton men that the delegates will be bought, that money will nominate the man as well as the platform. We shall see what we shall see.

Let us contrast our Convention with theirs. Ours was all unity and harmony; theirs will all be disunion and discord. In ours there was not a dissenting voice on any measure; in theirs measures will be carried amid storms of opposition. Ours was animated with the wildest enthusiasm; theirs will be a fiery, contending body, void of genuine enthusiasm. The whole party re-echoed the action of our convention; their action will be received with curses and disappointment. Is any one incredulous as to the result in November? Can a house divided against itself stand? Can a party torn with factions and rebellion prevail against one united on every subject?

5000 FREEDMEN TO FIGHT FOR IRISH LIBERTY.

Irishmen, as a class are inveterate haters of the "nagar." But few are lovers of Britain's sons. The two elements, African and Irish, have a common dislike for the English. The former remember with bitter feelings the arms of English make furnished to their masters, the clothing and munitions of war. Sympathizing with those who are persecuted for the "wearing of the green" they again offered to fight in the struggle which "once begun is balled off, yet ever won." In proof of this we submit the following extract from the proceedings of the Sixth Fenian Congress assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 1867.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 3, 1867.

To Col. W. R. Roberts, President, F. R.

Five thousand colored men of this city have offered to fight for Irish freedom. WM. CLEARY, M. D.

On motion received.

On motion the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That if there are five thousand colored men in New Orleans willing to fight for Irish liberty the offer be accepted, and that in the name of the Irish people the Fenian Brotherhood accept the services of every man who truly loves liberty and is willing to fight for Ireland, without distinction of race, color or nationality.

In this instance Erin's sons place themselves in equality with the negro. Why is this thus, and who can account for it?

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS THEY ARE CONDEMNED.

When Geo. V. Lawrence said (or was reported to have said) something about the still-houses and schools in Greene county, the whole copperhead crew raised a fiendish yell of indignation. All their filth, accumulated for years, was thrown at him. The pious and educated Democrats branded him "liar." A prominent Democrat of this place, in describing their nominee for Assembly, said, "If we had many such men as he in our county, we would have more still-houses, and fewer schools and churches." There, swallow that, ye pious hypocrites. Is not this the man you have chosen to represent you in the Assembly? Is he not a fair and honest representative, more so than any of the other candidates? If you are consistent, take back your filth from Lawrence, and cast it on Sedgewick.

HENRY A. WISE and the Chief Justice visited the African Church in Richmond together on Sunday, and heard divine service.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"If the infernal fanatics and abolitionists ever get power in their hands, they will overthrow the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in their opinions, or dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood."—David Webster, March 7th, 1855.

We clip the above from the last Waynesburg Messenger. It goes the rounds of the Democratic papers every few months. No such utterance is to be found in Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech or any other that he ever made. The pretended extract is a bald forgery, and has been branded as such fifty times, but still the Copperhead journals continue to publish it as genuine.—Washington Reporter.

THE NATION AT VENUE.

We trust that the campaign for the Presidency is not to degenerate into a strife to see which party shall take most benefit from the narrow prejudices and penuriosities of the American people. It is too late to sell the republic to the lowest bidder—the last purchase having been made with millions of money and seas of blood. This republic can never sell for less than the cost of its last purchase; and we commend this proposition to those vain and noisy politicians who lately talk so much about appealing from the ballot to the ballot. No party ever sacrificed a fundamental principle and lived to win a victory. No party in the field to-day can hope to succeed by any such sacrifice. The Republican party began its life with the demand that this generation should act in good faith toward succeeding generations. It demanded that no man should be privileged to carry local laws wherever he migrated; or inflict a system of compulsory labor without compensation upon virgin territories. Its birth cry was a demand for universal freedom and equal and exact justice. When it weakly recedes from that invulnerable position, and trades off its principles for temporizing policy, its days will be numbered, and of the whole number of honorable men in its ranks, few will appear as mourners.

WHAT WE MEAN BY ORGANIZATION.

1. To furnish information, through periodicals and pamphlets, to all who will read; 2. To obtain a complete list of the Legal Voters in each Election District; 3. To provide efficiently and seasonably against the polling of Illegal Voters. Each of these ends is important; but the first is the most urgent and the last most indispensable. No one ever heard of a Democrat who has heartily desired that Illegal Voting should be prosecuted or punished. Every copperhead organ is now claiming Pennsylvania, on the strength of her last October contest, when Judge Sharswood was elected by a few votes, put through by means of Naturalization papers forged for the purpose. The County of Luzerne has notoriously been a focus for these frauds for years. See how her poll has been swelled by them:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote Count. Includes Lincoln (7,200), Cochrane (5,768), Curtis (7,022), Woodard (9,208), Lincoln (7,645), McClellan (10,015), Hartshorn (8,782), Davis (6,916), Geary (8,723), Clymer (12,287), Williams (7,985), Sharswood (10,104).

These monstrous majorities for McClellan, Clymer, and Sharswood, were fabricated by means of forged Naturalization papers, stained with coffee to divest them of their natural ravenness of appearance, and otherwise fixed up so that aliens could vote them without fear, and Democratic election judges would take them without hesitation. Such are the means whereby Grant is to be swindled out of the Presidency, if audacious, unscrupulous villainy shall prove equal to the emergency. Republicans! we must be so organized that fraudulent Naturalization papers shall nowhere pass unchallenged, and fraudulent votes be nowhere polled. To this end, we must organize in each Election District, BEGINNING NOW.

Should the Democratic Party be Entrusted with Political Power?

We answer no, for the reason that a party destitute of moral principle is entitled to no confidence. That the Democratic party as a party, is without moral honesty, must be obvious to the most careless observer. Let a few facts be submitted in proof of this proposition. The Democrats inaugurated the slaveholder's rebellion, by the commission of perjury and treason. Every leader in the rebellion was a Democrat. The first gun trained on our flag at Sumpter was sighted and fired by Democrats. Our soldiers on their way to the defense of the Capital of the nation were shot of Baltimore, and forbidden passage across Democratic soil. When the Chief Magistrate of the nation called for men to defend its life, the Democratic party opposed the call, and sought every possible way to defeat it. When a draft was ordered, the Democrats mobbed the officers of the law to prevent it. The Democratic party in the Democratic city of New York shot down, like dogs, the Government officials who were there only to discharge the obligations of their office.

The Democrats of the Democratic city of New York murdered defenseless colored women and children for no offense, save that they loved and honored the flag of their country. Democrats are to-day burning down colored school houses, that colored children may be prevented from learning to read and write. Democrats in all the unconstructed States are murdering Union men, where any Union man dare avow his Union sentiments by openly proclaiming his love of country. Democrats are now openly threatening to assassinate any Radical President that the people of this country may choose to elect to that high office.

DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

Under this general head we find the following in different Democratic newspapers:

"Resolved, That we are opposed both in principle and in policy, to negro suffrage."—Ohio Democratic Resolutions, 1868.

"Resolved, That under the action of the State of South Carolina, heretofore taken, we recognize the colored population of the State as an intelligent element of the body politics; and as such, in person and property, entitled to full and equal protection under the State Constitution and laws. And that, as citizens of South Carolina, we declare our willingness, when we have the power to grant them, with proper qualifications as to property and intelligence, the right of suffrage."—South Carolina Democratic Resolutions, 1868.

"A very large torchlight procession of Democratic Niggers are marching through the streets while I write. I have addressed an immense audience in the Court House Square—the largest proportion being negroes. They carried transparencies with most appropriate Democratic mottoes. Proclaim it throughout Upper Georgia that everything is safe—honor safe, peace secured, Democracy triumphant."—Letter of D. C. Hill, a leading Democrat in Georgia, April 11, 1868.

"We have a word for our colored citizens who are anxious to vote for Governor at the ensuing election. Your professed friends have nominated a man of the name of Bullock for that office, and it is right that you should know beforehand what sort of a man he is who solicits your suffrages."—Steannah News, (Democratic), April, 1868.

"You pay your money and you take your choice."

JUDGE YE.

The Republican party stands before the country again in 1868 just as it did in 1864, simply upon its record. It asks to be judged by what it has done, and relies upon no uncertain promises of the future. In 1860 it advanced no new principle. It took its stand upon its well known advocacy of unceasing hostility to slavery in the territories, and the people approved of it and elected the Republican candidate to the Presidency. The slave power chose to stake its existence upon the defeat of the principle of freedom in the territories, and it lost the stake—slavery was obliterated. This was the page of events to which the Republican party pointed in 1864. Again the people endorsed it. The reactionists, unable to maintain slavery, but regretting to part with it, attempted to establish caste in its place, and the struggle thereon has lasted until the present time, but is now closing upon a record of the republican party, in which is inclined the full establishment of the civil and political rights of the oppressed race, and the reconstruction of the south upon a free basis.

In this contest many other things have been settled. The Presidential power has been restricted, Congressional authority vindicated, and the Supreme Court restrained within bounds; the banking system reorganized on a sound basis, the currency made national and reliable, popular liberties protected at the south, the supreme authority and power of the Republic itself forever fortified against assaults from the spirit of sectionalism, the State governments purged of oligarchy, and the foundations laid for a system of small landholdings at the south. Thus the Republican party intrenches itself for the ensuing campaign, and sets upon the defensive, as it did in each former case. It asks to be trusted on account of what it has done. It has made the nation greater and more respected by the civilized world. It has built up domestic manufactures on an immense scale by means of a protective policy. It has introduced at the south free common school education. It has built the greater part of the Pacific Railroad, brought in four new States, brought everything back to a peace footing, and has steadily reduced taxes

GRANT AND WASHINGTON—THEIR PERSONAL RELATIONS.

George Alfred Townsend in his last letter to the Cleveland Leader narrates the following: When the war began, Washburne stirred himself to raise a company in Galena, and as it was known to a few that Grant had been a captain in the army, he was looked to as the proper man to be chairman. Mr. Washburne described to me this hard-working, commonly-dressed man, with an old faded dragon cloak upon his shoulders, mounting to the bench of the Court House and stating the object of the meeting.

When the company was raised Grant was found to be perfect in all the details of equipping it from boots to buttons. Washburne, Grant and the rest took the company down to Springfield. There, with scanty means, paying three dollars a day for board, Grant waited the disorganized process of the state authorities, with Dick Yates, impracticable as now, at the head of the State.

Finally Grant said to Washburne: "I can do nothing here; I am running short; I shall go home and go to work." "Hold on!" said Washburne. At last Grant was placed in the Adjutant General's Department, and by happy luck was one day placed at the head of a regiment afflicted with a drunken Colonel. So began his fame. The celebrated despatch, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" was brought, from Spottsylvania to Washington in Mr. Washburne's pocket. He said to Grant as he quitted the field: "General, have you any message to send up to the War Department?" "I guess not," said Grant. "I think it would be well," returned Washburne, "if you sent some little word up to the people." "Very well."

General Grant sat down in the tent, and as quickly as he could transcribe, and without reading the message over, gave it to Washburne, sealed. The letter came to Belle Plain, took a horse to the Navy Yard, rode in a horse car to the War Department, where he found everybody blue and doubtful, and delivered the letter to Stanton. That simple bulletin thrilled the country and went into our epigrammatic literature.

A western editor thus describes the effect produced by the numerous foundries, iron works, &c., at Pittsburgh. It is only slightly exaggerated: "Pittsburgh people never have fresh air, except when out of town. They live on coal smoke and floating cinders. We inhaled seven tons of smoke the first hour we were there. The people breathe smoke, eat smoke, chew smoke, and carry it loose in their pockets. It is now seventy-two years since Pittsburgh has been warmed or reached by the sun's rays. Once a streak of sunshine, for several years condensing, undertook to penetrate the cloud of smoke over the city, got lost, became smoked, and fell like a standing edifice of the 'Black Crook.' The ladies use smoke and coal dust to protect their complexion. Little boys and girls stand on the corners with wet brooms and sponges to wash people's faces, for five cents. Everybody is of a color in Pittsburgh. At the post office window the clerk distinguishes people by certain signs, it being impossible to see their faces from the layers of coal dust and smoke. We saw a little boy crying on the street because he had lost his father, who was six feet ahead of him in all the blackness.

Every one wears mourning in Pittsburgh. A barber once went there to color whiskers. He nor a basted in a week. Men kiss each other's wives in Pittsburgh, unable to tell which is their own only by the taste. Women send their children on errands first writing on their faces with a thumb nail or wet sticks. People feel their way by door knobs, and man by raised type. A man once stood in his room with the window raised—changed his shirt nine times in four minutes, and only got a clean one on him when the window fell by accident, and kept the smoke out.

Meet a man with a cold who has been blowing his nose, and that organ looks like a burnt stump on each side of which a woodchuck has been burrowing. Bed clothes are unknown in Pittsburgh. Leave the window open and sheets of smoke settle upon you like newspapers from a machine press! Some years since some snow fell into the city from the cloud of smoke—the smoke was not hurt, but the snow looked sick. Men carry lanterns to sell to shake hands. When looking at a watch to see the hour it is the fashion to light a match. They make black breadcloth by hanging a spider's web out till filled with smoke, and use hot coal dust for pepper. They roll the smoke, sweetened, into sticks, and sell it for licorice.

at all points. If, then, we are asked why the National Convention did not declare in favor of this thing or that, we answer that the party has hitherto made its claim for support always upon the ground of what it has accomplished or essayed, and asked to be judged by the spirit of that. There is very much yet to do, and the Republican party is the only one competent for the work.—North American.

THE LATE DR. CULLEN, OF RICHMOND.

It is singular to contemplate the various traits of character which are developed in the last stages of existence, exhibiting the singular impressions, passions and prejudices of our nature, at a moment when restraint is no longer necessary, and when we speak as we think, the world's censure having passed away. There are, however, some beautiful samples of calmness on a dying bed.

The late Dr. Cullen, of Richmond, with the gentleness of spirit for which he was distinguished, said, when dying, in an almost inarticulate tone to a friend: "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I could describe to you how pleasant it is to die." How like the calmness of Addison at the same crisis.

Louis IV, the World knows, was a remarkable man, and in many respects a model of a king. There was a grace in all he did, a precision and elegance in all he said. He spoke rarely with any one, and when he did it was with majesty and brevity. No harsh word ever escaped him. He was polished to the very limits of nature. His death bed was a piece of acting as any other in his life. He died as he had lived, with all the grace and decorum of his brightest moments. His last address to his friends and attendants were distinguished by that remarkable neatness and propriety for which he was so remarkable. In fact it appeared to be so studied and so perfect in the whole scene, as to produce the effect of a well acted play.

Talleyrand was a courtier, with all his eminent talents. When in the last moments of his existence, this remarkable man received a visit from Louis Philippe, King of the French and thought he had but a few moments to live, he introduced his medical attendants, nurses and friends, with a familiarity belonging to the ancient regime.

"How do you feel?" said the King. "I am suffering sir, all the pangs of the damned." Louis Philippe, with the point and sarcasm which belonged to his character, said sotto voce— "What! so soon?" The old politician heard him, and had he lived, would have paid him for the malicious insinuation.

There are some singular incidents of death bed peculiarities, which mark the character of the suffering parties. Sophia Charlotte, the first Queen of Prussia and sister to George I, was a woman of great learning, intelligence and piety. The chaplain who attended her in her last moments was so struck with her courage and calmness, that instead of exhorting her became a listener.

"I am now going," said she, "to satisfy my curiosity on the principle of things which Leibnitz could not explain to me, on space, infinity, on being on nothing." And on wishing to introduce a Calvinistic minister to her, she said, "let me die in peace, without disputing on this occasion." This was a philosophical death bed.

Anselm, Bishop of Canterbury, in his 76th year, when dying, wished for a little delay, until he could finish a very curious question he had begun on the origin of the soul. This was a metaphysical end.

Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, who was extremely rich, was worried on his death bed, on finding that wealth could not conciliate the fell destroyer.

"Eye!" said he, "will not death be hired? Will money do nothing? Must I die, who have such great riches?" Here was another ruling passion.

Baithé, a French dramatic poet, who had written a play called "The Seltish Man," having learned that his friend, Colardeau, was dying, flew to the house. "I am shocked to see you so ill, but I have a favor to ask—it is to hear me read my 'Seltish Man.'" "Consider, my friend," said Colardeau, "I have but a few hours to live."

"Alas, yes; but that is the reason I am so anxious to know your opinion of my piece."

He forced him to hear it. "Your piece," said he, "is only deficient in one point. It wants the power of forcing a dying man to attend to the reading of a comedy of five acts."

Fabre d'Églantine, when preparing for the guillotine, had only one regret. He had left an unpublished comedy among his manuscripts, and apprehended that Billaud Turrennes would publish it as his own. When the Good Master Samuel Hern lay on his death bed, rich only in virtue, his wife was lamenting her forlorn condition. "Peace, sweetheart," said he; "God which feedeth the raven will not starve the Hens." The instance of such peculiarities in extremis are numerous and surprising, and they all indicate the peculiar temper, through habits and pursuits of individuals, on the verge of the other world.—Sunday Times.

ORATOR MORLEY PUNISHON got off a good thing the other day when requested to speak. "Speech is silver and silence is gold," said the orator. "As I do not happen to have any small change about me this morning, you will accept the gold," and he gave them nothing else.